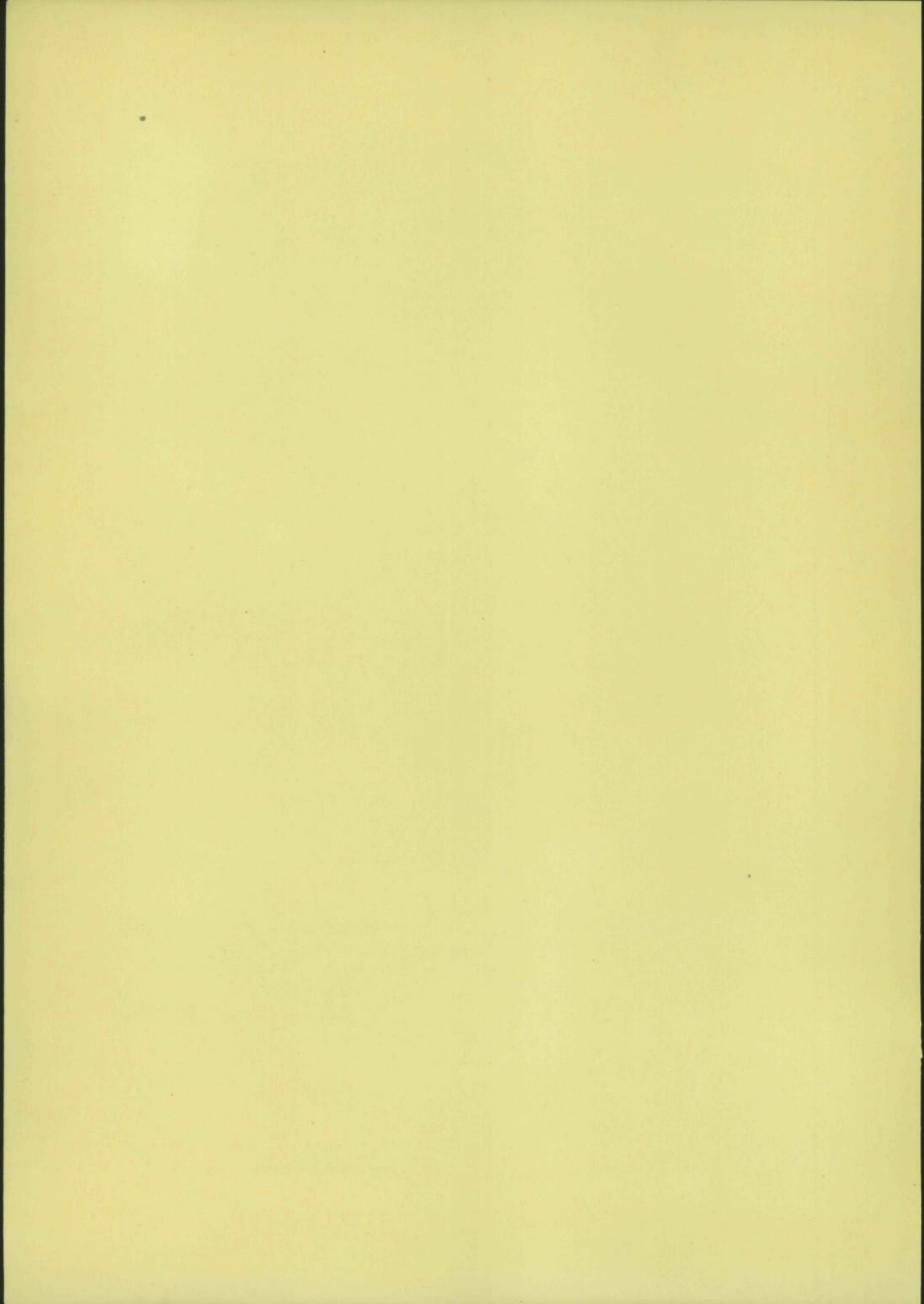


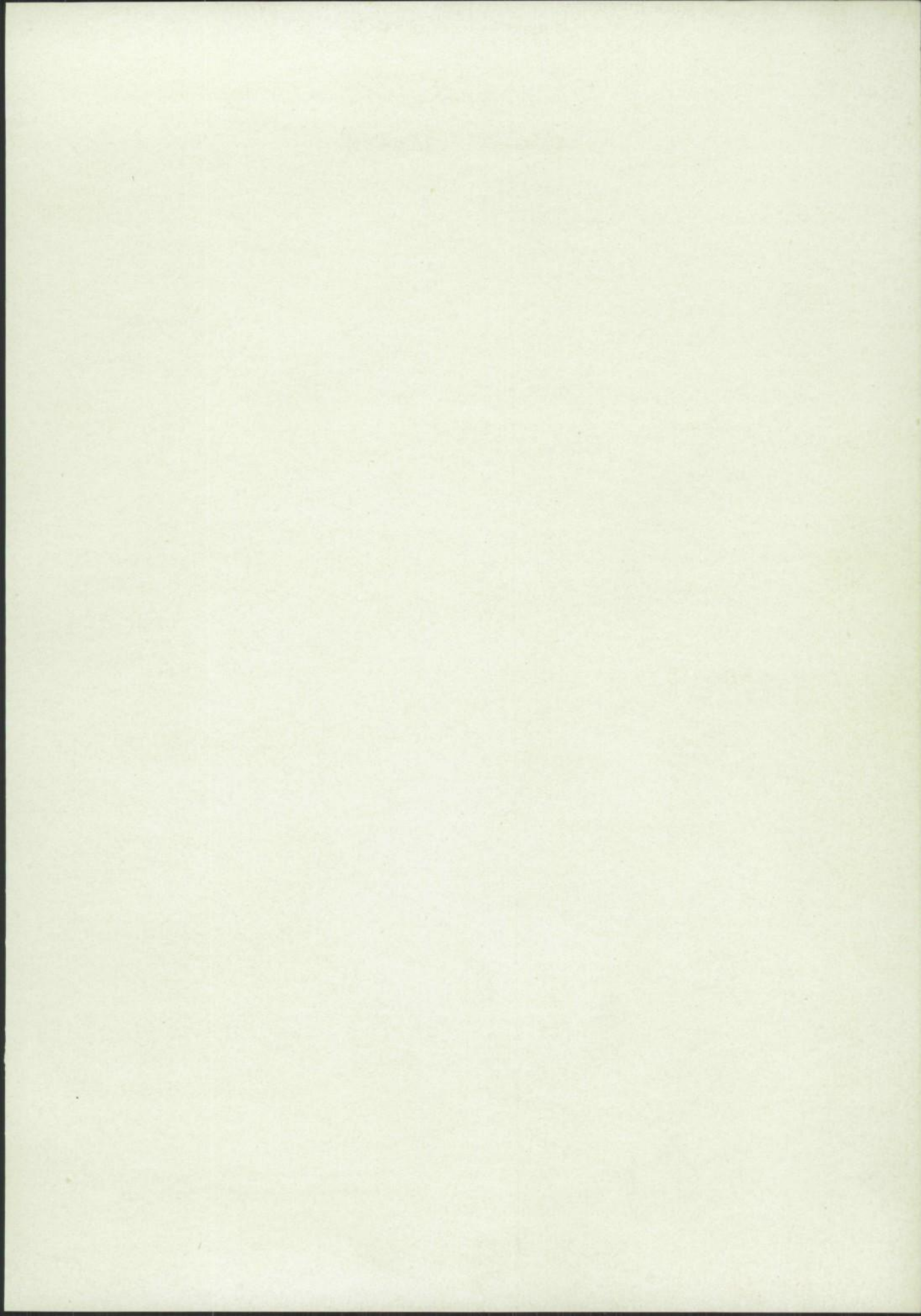
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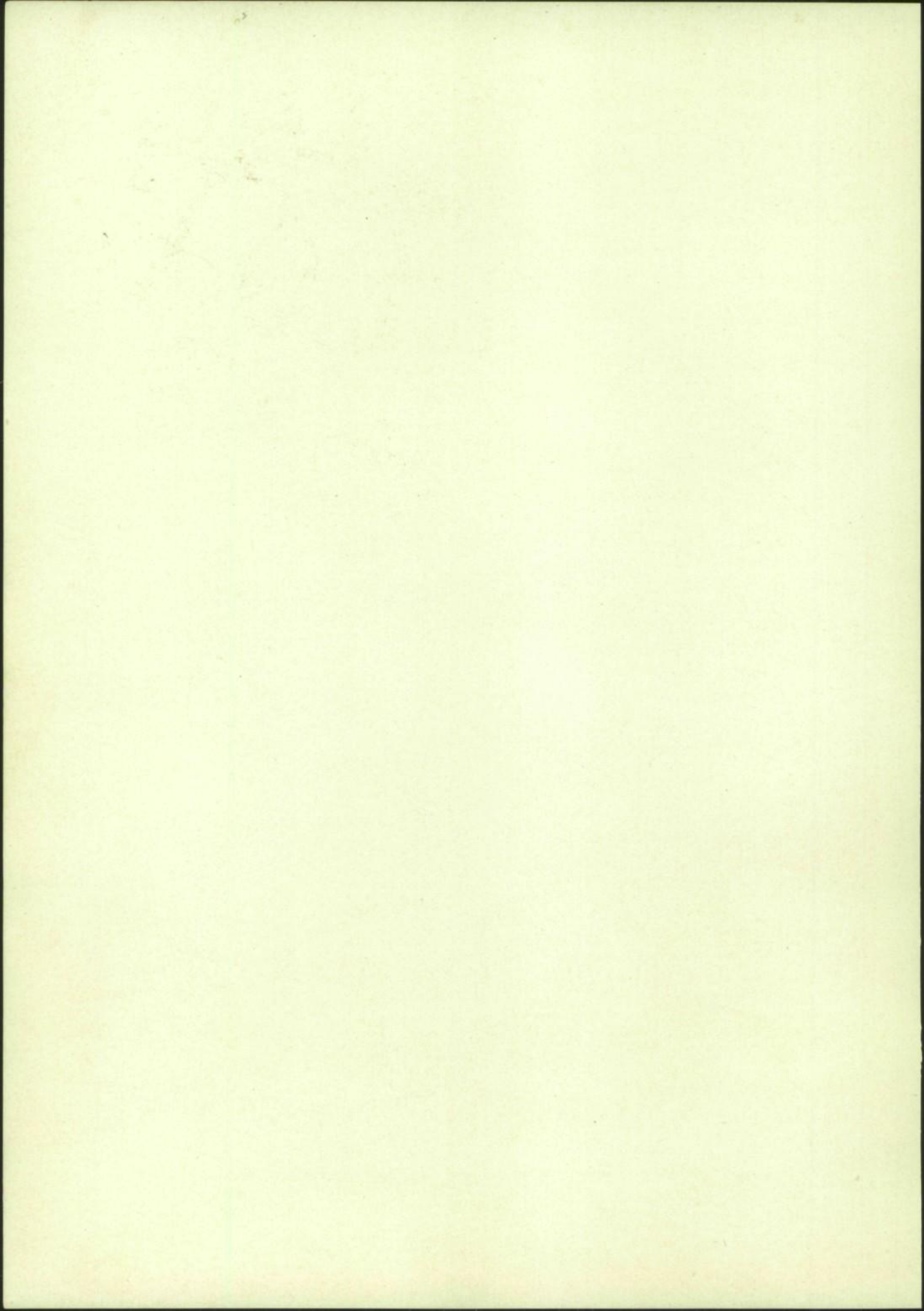
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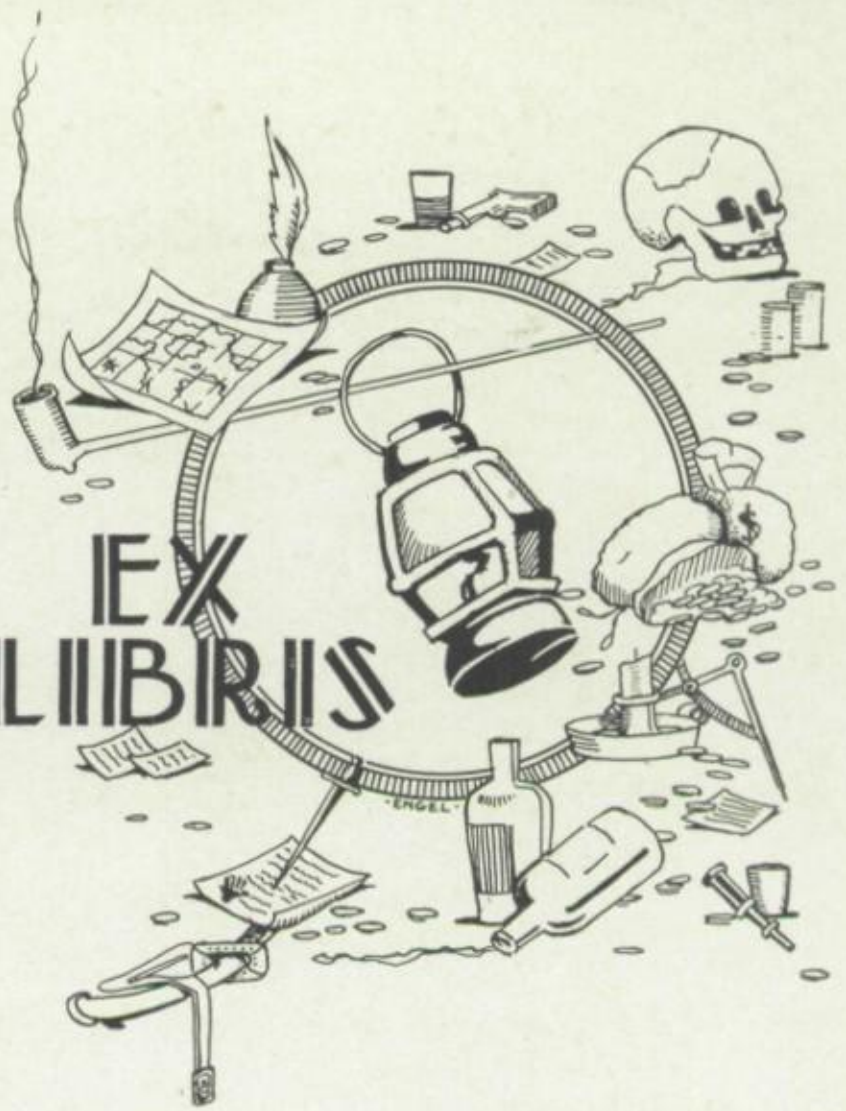
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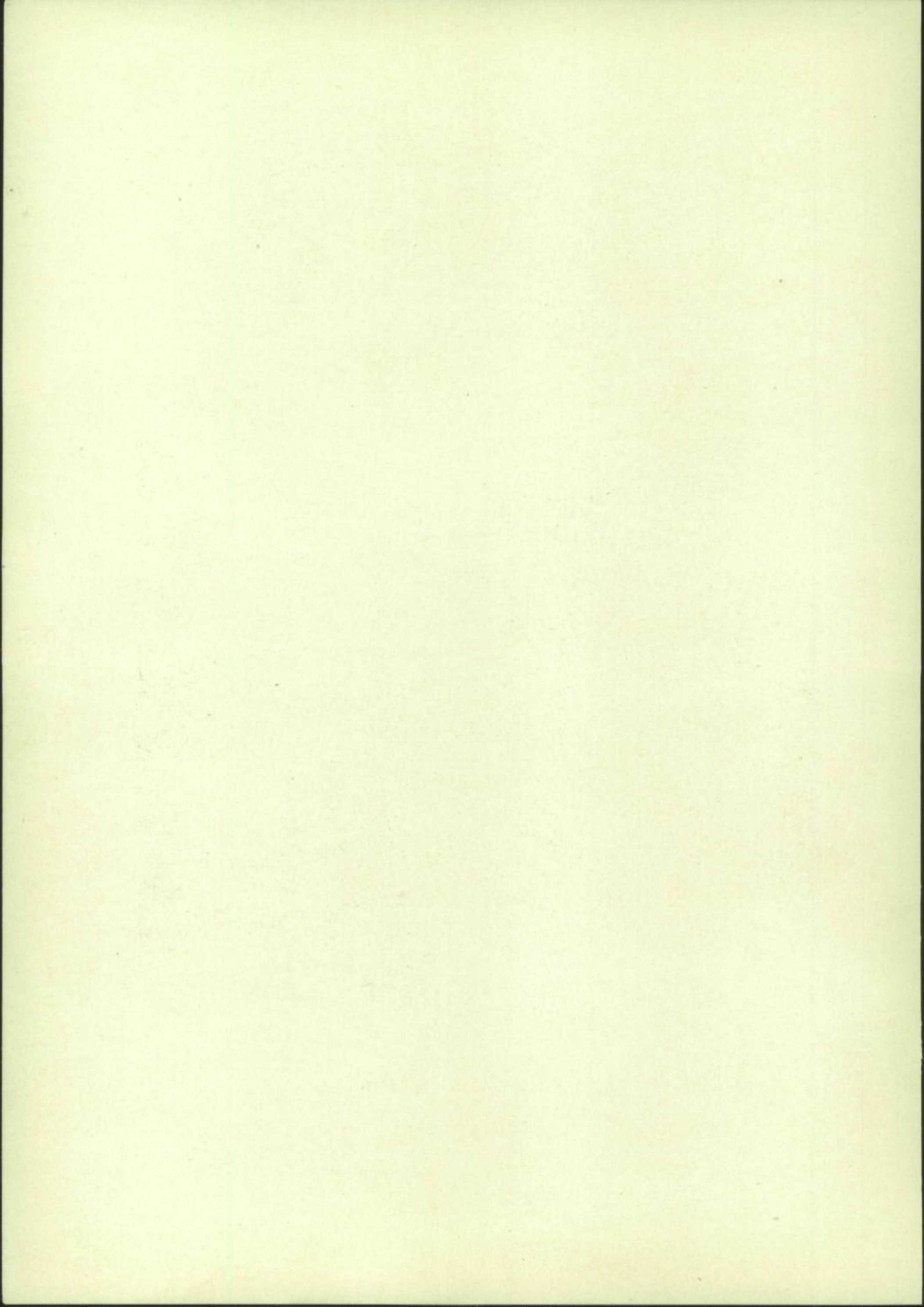






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THE OWL

BY

THE STUDENTS OF EVENING HIGH SCHOOL

1934


DEDICATION

WHAT a confident captain is to a doubting crew, our *Principal* is to us---and so, in sincere expression of respect and appreciation, we dedicate this yearbook to

OTTO K. SCHMIED



To the Members
of the
Graduating Class

 CONGRATULATIONS to you for completing your high school studies and receiving the diploma of The Evening High School. I trust your success will bring you the satisfaction you have ardently sought, perchance in the privilege of entering some profession, or in the opportunity to secure or improve a position in business, or in the ability to find a richer and more satisfying life. Whatever your hopes may have been, I pray they have been realized.

My best wishes for good luck and happiness go with you. May you always be proud of your school, and your school of you.

Sincerely,

OTTO K. SCHMIED

Contents

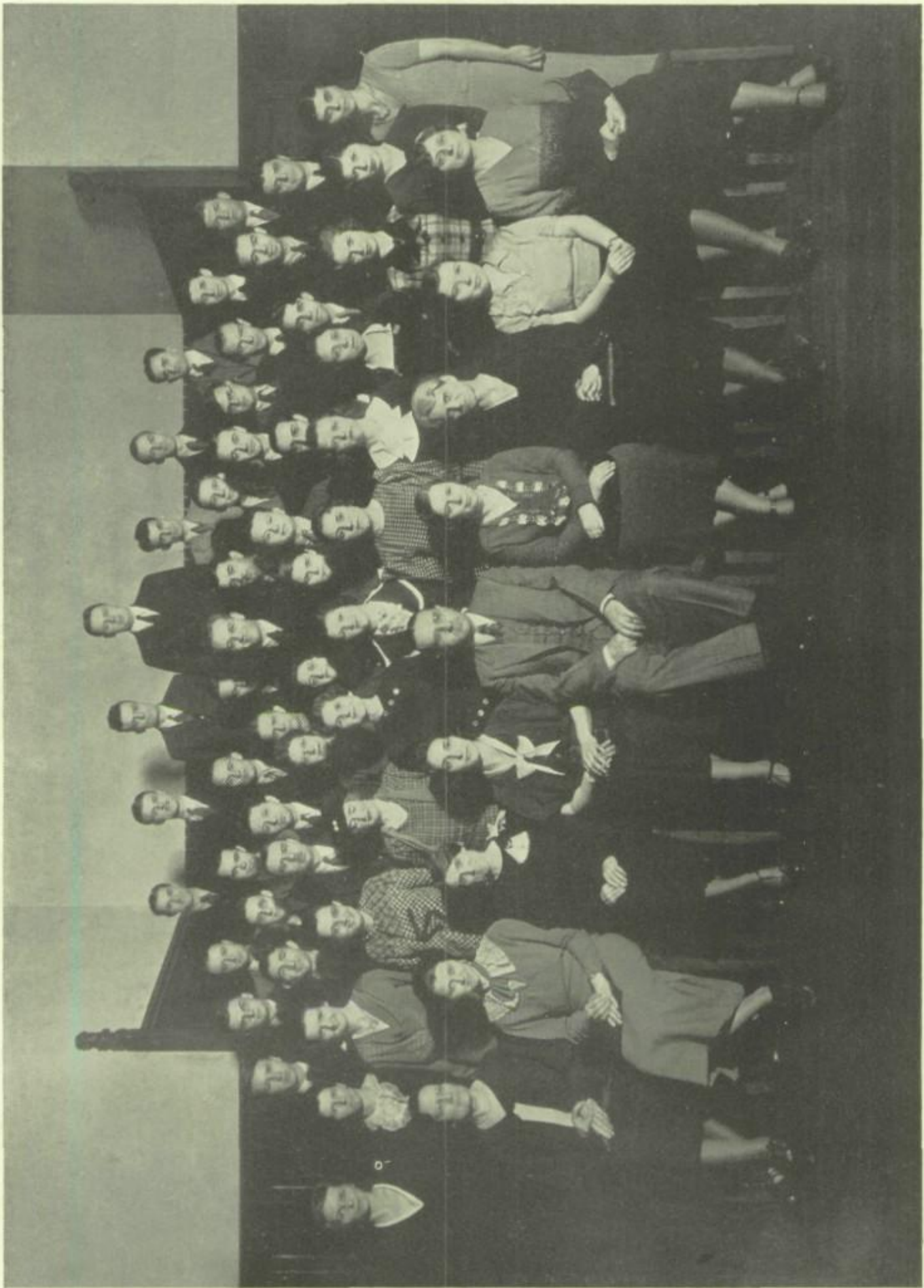
DEDICATION

MESSAGES TO SENIORS

SENIOR SECTION

MAGAZINE SECTION

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Mary Curtis, B.A.	Algebra II, Geometry
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Charles E. Frank	Typing II, Stenography II, III
Samuel Goldheim, Ph.D.	Chemistry I, III
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Olga Hollander	Typing III
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Bertha Wilkinson	Music
Sylvia Shapiro	Stenographer

Leslie S. Grover

William M. Kymiel

A WORD BEFORE PARTING



REETINGS and farewell to you, my fellow classmates. This, our last year at the Evening High School, is rapidly drawing to a close and the climax of graduation is to be reached in a few days. We have traveled a long hard road together to reach the heights that we are attaining. Despite many setbacks and handicaps we have been able to reach our set goal, that of graduating from high school.

It seems but yesterday that we had our first class meeting. At that meeting you elected us, my fellow class officers and myself, to the highest honor that you could bestow upon us. You gave us the opportunity to serve our class and school in its activities. Since that time many events have occurred. We have worried over such details as class dues, dances, year book and matters attendant to graduation. We have worked together to make the Class of '34 an outstanding one in the history of the Evening High School. We have tried to build up a spirit of friendliness and comradeship among our classmates, during the year, we have succeeded in creating an atmosphere of comradeship such as has never been before attained.

Now we have reached the heights of our school careers. Our teachers have declared us scholastically fit to receive our high school diplomas. We have succeeded in climbing another rung in our hopes for a finer education. The climb has been a hard one but each step upward was well worth the energy expended. We have reached a high spot in our lives. As our principal, Mr. Schmied, has often said, "It is possible to do many things twice but graduating from high school is a grand feeling that can only be felt once."

The publication of this book has been, despite many handicaps, a triumph. Its publication was made possible by the earnest co-operation of THE OWL STAFF. I would like to take this opportunity to tender to them the heartfelt thanks of the graduating class. It would have been impossible to have this year book without their aid.

Before us graduates lies our future. Some of us will continue studying in institutions of higher learning. Others will work and try to make this world a better place in which to live. Still others will forge ahead in the business world. No matter which road we take we will be better prepared for traveling it due to the knowledge that we have gained in the Evening High School.

I hope that someday the Class of '34 will hold its class reunion and be able to number in its ranks many of my classmates who will have made their mark in the world. Let us not say farewell to one another but just shake hands and say, au revoir.

GILBERT STRINER,
President, Class of '34

TREASURER'S ADDRESS



OUR High School term has been completed and I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the co-operation that you extended to me as Treasurer of the Class of '34.

We Seniors have built this year, perhaps better than we know, and have gone higher than many of our primary hopes. Welded together in the spirit of co-operation, accomplishment has been ours to look back upon with real pride. The reward is ours to keep and remember as long as we will.

I wish to congratulate you for your perserverance in achieving the goal which you set out to obtain. May this accomplishment tend to insure your being more ably equipped to tackle the obstacles which one meets in every day life. May your remeberances of the Evening High School be pleasant ones. Your friendship and help has truly meant much to me. You have all cheerfully endured deprivations to make this a prominent year. My sincere thanks are also tendered toward my staff; as fine a set of characters as I have ever known. Allow me to again express my congratulations and well wishes to all of you.

MILTON G. ERDMAN



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Hilda Berke
Charles E. Cole
N. A. Cramblitt
Louis A. Dewitt
Margaret E. Dishler
Bernadette R. Drummond
Milton Duke
Milton G. Erdman
Pearce W. Ereke
Ann Dorothy Essig
John Frederick Fader
Leo J. Friedlander
Nelson W. Gutermuth
I. T. Hammel

Dorothy Iglehart
Tessie Kay
J. Frederick Ketchum
James E. Lowry
Margaret J. Meyers
Madeline M. Medicus
Marie Minnick
Wallace Phillips
Catherine Elizabeth Ruth
Dorothy L. Slossberg
Robert T. Streb
Gilbert Striner
Catherine Sykes
Henry A. Tiedemann
Joseph W. Tumminello

Lloyd Wm. Yeager

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Margaret Dishler
Milton Erdman
John Fader

J. Leon Friedlander
Mildred Holtman
Albert Levine
Gilbert Striner

RING AND PIN COMMITTEE

Gilbert Striner, *Chairman*

Wallace Phillips

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY



AFTER years of hard work and diligent study another class of graduates is about to pass over the glorious threshold of the Evening High School to obtain their objective, a high school diploma.

The following events took place during the course of the year:

The first general assembly of the Senior Class was held on November 2, 1933. Mr. Schmied, our principal, presiding, urged the candidates for graduation to secure their credentials from schools previously attended. He also told all students to put forth their greatest efforts to pass in the subjects they were undertaking.

On November 16, 1933, the Seniors convened again and elected the following class officers:

<i>President</i>	GILBERT STRINER
<i>Vice-President</i>	WALLACE PHILLIPS
<i>Treasurer</i>	MILTON G. ERDMAN
<i>Secretary</i>	MARGARET E. DISHLER

Another meeting of the Senior Class was called on December 6, 1933, in preparation for the Senior Dance. A committee was selected to promote the dance, and all Seniors were urged to give their loyal support to make it successful.

On January 10, 1934, another assembly was held. A list of expenses was presented to the Seniors, and a class dues of \$4.00 were set. Other important features were discussed, namely the Year Book, rings and pins.

The Annual Senior Dance was held on January 27, 1934, at the Rennert Hotel. Bob Iula and his orchestra furnished the music. The dance was a great success, and the Seniors were delighted to have present on that evening many of the faculty.

The meeting on April 12, 1934, was held mainly to give the Seniors information concerning graduation. Incidentals such as diplomas, the matter of dress, and commencement exercises were discussed. Mr. Schmied reminded the Seniors that there remained only a short time for them to put forth their last efforts if they desired to be among the number graduating.

We, of the Senior Class of '34, in parting, say to the coming graduating Class of '35 that we wish them all the happiness and success in their class that we have had in ours, and may the light of prosperity shine upon them!

MARGARET E. DISHLER

Secretary

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Ralph P. Barker
Robert E. Bartell
Helen Anna Bartels
Hilda Berke
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Seymour Caplan
Jerome B. Cohen
May M. Chambers
Sigmund Cohen
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A. Louis Dewitt
Milton Duke
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Pearce Ward Ereke
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Louis Feret
Wm. Carville Frederick

Lester Finklestein
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Charles McDowell Gillan
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Glenn Ross
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Robert James Streb
Elma E. Strobel
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John J. Alex
Dorothy I. Baker
George C. Belsinger
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Henry O. Brooks
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Esther Lauren Caplan
Henry Cohen
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Nathaniel A. Cramblitt
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Margaret E. Dishler
Mary M. Dressel
Armin J. Drost
Grace Engle
Milton G. Erdman

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Naomi Lola Flayhart
Virginia Freeman
Samuel Ginsberg
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George E. Herschel
Mildred G. Holtman
Blanche V. Huntley
Dorothy Iglehart
Leona Kimmel
Theresa Kucharski
Bettye Rose Lampe
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Bessie Levy
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Madeline M. Medicus
Elsie G. Menzel
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GILBERT STRINER
President

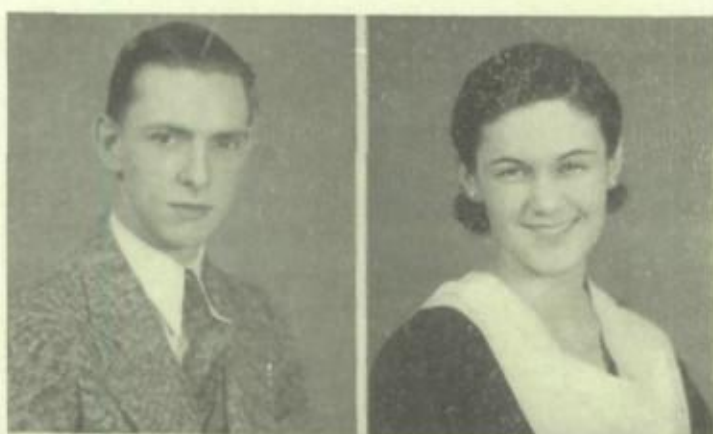
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Vice-President

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BETTYE ROSE LAMPE

JOHN H. C. LASSAHN

John H. C. Lassahn



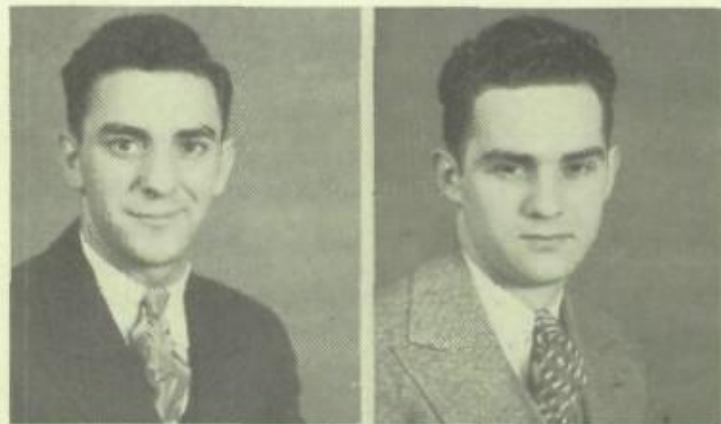
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ELEANOR M. LEIDNER

*Albert A. Levine
We kept the ball rolling*

ALBERT A. LEVINE

Wm. C. LEYKO



Wm. ADDISON McLEAN

JOSEPHINE D. MATASSA



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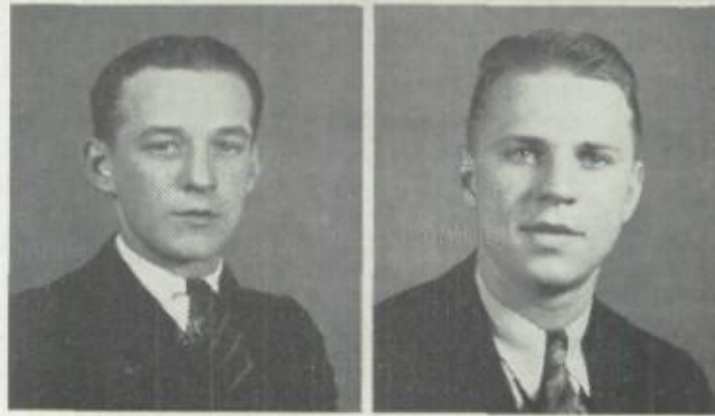
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ELMA E. STROBEL



GILBERT C. STUART

CATHERINE C. SYKES

ROSALIE E. THIM

HENRY A. TIEDEMANN

*Sincerely
Gilbert
good wishes
Stuart*

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JOSEPH V. TUMMINELLO



THOMAS KING TURNER

EDW. A. VOGEL

Thomas K. Turner

RUBIN SOLOMON WARANCH

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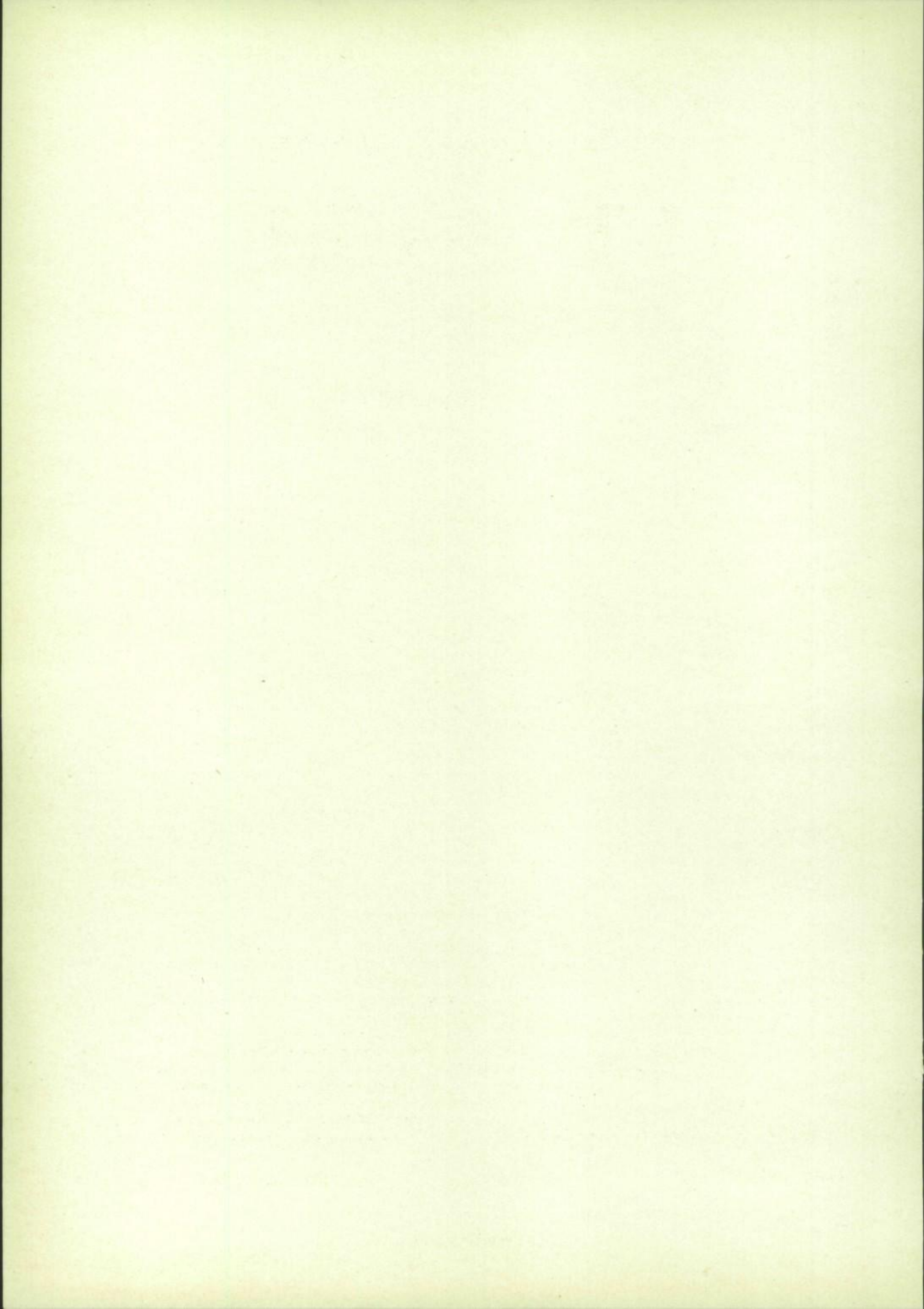
Ralph C. Wiley

Florence Yost

MAGAZINE



SECTION



THE OWL

VOLUME XI

NUMBER 4

ROMANCE PERSONIFIED

BY M. ALICE BENSON

"Say, sis, Jim Neal needs a girl for the party tonight. Want to go? Plenty of fun.

Jane Winslow put down the book she had been reading and looked affectionately at her pretty, younger sister. "I'd love to," she said wistfully, "but it would be the same old story. What's the use, Mil? We tried it before, and you've seen what always happens. I sit and watch the fun instead of being in it. I just don't take, that's all. It's sweet of you to ask me, though. You're always trying to get me in, aren't you?"

"Oh, gee, Jane, you're lots better looking than Terry Hall. You dance better, too. Come on, just this once; if it don't work, I won't ask you again. You ought to go out more. How do you expect to find the romance you're always looking for? I don't like to neck and smoke either; but if I didn't indulge a little, I'd be left out too. Come on and go. Try it, anyway." Mildred Winslow looked pleadingly at her sister. "Muz don't like me to go unless you or Dot are along."

Jane sighed. "All right, kid, I'll go; but it won't be any use."

As they climbed in bed early the next morning Jane turned to her sister. "You see, I *did* try to be like the rest of you; but it isn't my nature. I just can't do it. Be a good kid and let me stay at home the next time."

After that Mildred went alone or with their other sister. Jane stayed home or went to the movies with girl friends from the office.

Several weeks later Jane changed her position and went with a large engineering firm where there were three men in the office and five in the machine shop, she being the only girl. Associating with men from all walks of life—from mechanics to millionaires—did a lot toward giving Jane the poise and confidence

in herself she had hitherto lacked. She began accepting a few invitations to dinner and shows, and even went back to dancing. She loved it. Two men asked her to marry them. Jane was extremely flattered, for both were wealthy men, and she was sorry that she didn't love either of them enough to marry. She didn't want to get married though; she was having a good time, better than she had ever expected, and although she hadn't yet found Romance (she was twenty-three), she was still looking for it.

It was late March and a blustery, dismal day when Jane found Romance. She had been alone in the office most of the day. The bookkeeper was out collecting accounts; and Mr. Turner and the Engineer had taken "The Moth," the firm's tiny monoplane, and flown to Philadelphia to an auction sale. The day had seemed terribly long. Jane wondered dismally if it would ever end. She had little or nothing to do. With Mr. Turner away she had no mail. It was their dull season and her work was light.

Therefore, when the front door opened and someone entered the store, Jane looked up with more than usual interest. Taking a hasty glance at herself in the tiny mirror she went out into the store. The customer was tall and slender and stood with his back to Jane.

"May I help you?" Jane's voice held just the right amount of deference.

The man turned and smiled. Jane the business woman disappeared in that instant, and Jane the woman came into her own. Then the stranger spoke.

"I am looking for a motor for my yacht. I understand you are converting airplane engines for marine installations and having wonderful success."

"Yes-s," Jane stammered. "We have been. Mr.

Turner is away, but I expect him back tonight sometime. I'm sorry. If you could come back some other time." She paused. "He will probably be in all day tomorrow."

"Thank you," smiled the stranger. "Tomorrow, then." With another smile he was gone.

Jane went back to her desk feeling suddenly glad to be just alive. The whole world seemed brighter. She wondered wistfully if the stranger with the charming voice and the wonderful smile would be back on the morrow. She wished she had gotten his name. When the bookkeeper came in sometime later he found her busily typing some letters that she had been trying to get done for weeks. And the clock said 5.15.

"Say, Miss Winslow, it's after five. Why the overtime? Waiting for someone?"

Jane started at the clock unbelievably. Well, who'd have thunk it?" she gasped, using her favorite expression of bad English. "Feature little Jane working overtime when she don't have to." With a burst of merry laughter she prepared to leave the office, calling a cheerful "Good-night" as she went out.

The bookkeeper and the mechanics stared at her retreating figure.

"Ye gods!" What happened to Miss Winslow? An hour ago she nearly bit my head off when I went in the office; now look at her." Shaking his head mournfully the mechanic went on washing the grease off his hands.

Jane was busy the next morning. Title contracts, equipment rental contracts, the telephone and a dozen other things kept her so busy that the office door opened and someone said, "Good morning; you see I am back again."

Jane was acutely conscious of the fact that her hair needed combing and that her nose was shiny. She wished she hadn't let her hair grow. It would stick out in little tufts around the tiny knot that wouldn't stay up. Trying to appear indifferent to her appearance she went back to the shop to get Mr. Turner.

The stranger, whose name was Richard Penton, bought an airplane motor and contracted to have it converted and installed in his sixty-foot yacht. In the days that followed, the entire force grew fond of the quiet man with the rich Southern drawl. They all imitated his drawl because they loved to hear him talk. He spent a great deal of time at the place and most of it in the office talking to Jane. If he didn't come in, he would phone; and very often he would do both. Jane thrilled every time the phone rang and she heard, "Miss Winslow, this is Richard Penton." He always talked to her a few minutes before he asked for Mr. Turner or one of the boys.

The job seemed to be a hoodoo from the start. Everything went wrong. When it was nearly completed, they took the boat out for a trial run and

burned up the cylinders and pistons. The whole engine had to be replaced. It was late July by that time. The whole force was calling Richard Penton "Dickie" by now. He neglected his own business and hung around the office and shop. When they put the new engine in the yacht, he still called the office daily for news and then went to the Yacht Club to see for himself.

Jane wasn't the same. She didn't know herself. Unconsciously she would start singing in the office. Jane had no singing voice and the result was past anyone's expectations. The boys teased her unmercifully, but it didn't stop Jane at all. She took the keenest delight in walking into the shop and announcing, "Dickie calling; what shall I tell him today?"

The boys would look at each other, then into Jane's mischievous face, groan and say impatiently, "Oh, for Heaven's sake, get out of here! Tell him anything. Tell him to go eat grass."

As Jane was leaving for lunch one day, Mr. Turner called her back.

"Going uptown?" he asked. Jane nodded. "Leave these drawings at Dickie's office, will you?"

Jane took the long envelope from Mr. Turner with hands that trembled slightly. She was surprised at herself for being so thrilled over the prospect of going to Dickie's office.

"Why, you nut, you half-cracked nut," she told herself sternly as she walked up the street. "Jane Winslow, I do believe you are in love with the man. Snap out of it, kid. A man with as much money and personality as he has is never going to notice a girl like you. He is just being nice to you. Snap out of it, kid, come down to earth."

At an early age Jane had formed the habit of talking to herself, calling herself down or complimenting herself. She was putting it into practice now. For the first time though, it didn't work. All the way uptown she took herself sternly to task for falling in love with Richard Penton. It didn't help matters at all. When she reached his office on the top floor of the Trust Building, she was so nervous she could hardly stand. She had to wait a few minutes, which gave her time to pull herself together. When Dickie ushered her into his private office, she was almost herself again. Brisk, business-like, she delivered the plans, exchanges a few commonplace-remarks and started to rise.

"Don't go yet, Miss Winslow. I want to talk to you?"

Jane stayed, more thrilled than ever. What did he want to say? She soon found out. After playing with his pencil and acting in every way like a shy schoolboy, Dickie cleared his throat and said:

"Engaged, Miss Winslow?"

"In what way?" laughed Jane.

(Continued on Page 49)



ELIZABETH LANDON CHINN
Literary Adviser

OWL

ADVISERS

O. WAYNE BAKER
Business Adviser



GOODBYE TO THE STAFF

Congratulations are extended to the present OWL Staff by the undersigned members of the faculty, the advisers of THE OWL, on their work on the 1933-34 magazine. The Staff this year has worked against most unusual conditions and were called upon to put forth greater efforts, but the several numbers issued prove that these efforts were worthwhile.

EDITORIAL STAFF

<i>Editor</i>	GEORGE MANN
<i>School News Editor</i>	WILLIAM D. CROMBIE
<i>Art Editor</i>	D. K. WINTER
<i>Typist</i>	MARIE RIESETT

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<i>Business Manager</i>	PATRICK J. SWEENEY
<i>Circulation Manager</i>	EDWIN WRIGHT
<i>Assistant Circulation Manager</i>	HARRY CORREA
<i>Special Staff Assistant</i>	JAMES WHEAT
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	ARMIN J. DROST

FOR NEXT YEAR

After careful consideration the following students have been chosen to carry on the work of the OWL through the year 1934-35.

EDITORIAL STAFF

<i>Editor</i>	PATRICK J. SWEENEY
<i>Associate Editor</i>	GEORGE MANN
<i>Literary Editor</i>	M. R. TIMMERMAN
<i>School News Editor</i>	HARRY CORREA
<i>Art Editor</i>	D. K. WINTER
<i>Secretary</i>	MARGARET DISHLER

BUSINESS STAFF

<i>Business Manager</i>	BENJAMIN M. MANN
<i>Circulation Manager</i>	JOSEPH BARNETT
<i>Assistant Circulation Manager</i>	EDWARD HOOPER

(Signed) ELIZABETH LANDON CHINN, *Literary Adviser*
O. WAYNE BAKER, *Business Adviser*
OTTO K. SCHMIED, *Principal*

WE HAVE WITH US

IRENE GALE

It was uncertain at first whether an interview could be had with Miss Gale, but after mustering up enough courage we found that Miss Gale is, indeed, a pleasant person.

Irene was graduated from Seton High School and is taking some commercial subjects which she has not had as yet, here at Evening High School. Miss Gale is entering the Notre Dame College of Maryland in the Fall. It was not possible, however, to learn what studies she will pursue.

Our charming subject is of Polish extraction and speaks the native tongue of that country fluently. It was learned that she is secretary to the president of a large and stable Polish Building Loan Association. She has traveled over much of the Eastern Seaboard.

From reliable authority we have learned that Irene is well liked by members of the faculty, and that some of our students have been casting "sheep glances" in her direction. We feel sure that the glances are being wasted because Miss Gale happens to be happily in love with someone else, and as soon as the opportunity presents itself she will add the letters "Mrs." to her name. We hope, however, that Irene will first acquire letters from Notre Dame College.

We also wish to add that Miss Gale, as representative for THE OWL, has done some excellent work. We hope she attains all her aspirations and we say, in all sincerity "Best wishes!"

ROSALIND HERZOG

Like all intelligent people who realize they never know too much, Rosalind is not satisfied with a high school diploma from the Institute of Notre Dame.

Formerly connected with the Mailing Department of the May Company, Miss Herzog is now dispensing lingerie at O'Neill's. Rosalind has modeled in several fashion shows.

Miss Herzog has not limited her traveling to the city's limits. She has been to New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Virginia. She has also witnessed many regattas on the Potomac and Schuylkill rivers. Several months of each year, for the past ten years, have been spent in Atlantic City.

The Clarissan of Notre Dame had Miss Herzog as one of its associate editors. Later, from a class of eighty-five seniors, Miss Herzog became Editor-in-Chief. Incidentally the Seniors were the only ones eligible for that position.

Rosalind has won several national awards for essays on Captain John Barry, and has also received honorable mention in the contest on George Washington conducted by the *Baltimore News*. A prize of \$25.00 was given to Rosalind by The Hub. She has written several articles for the Post Better Homes Contest in 1929, and has captured several lesser prizes for various contests sponsored by different papers.

Swimming, basketball and dancing hold second place in her likes. The first place, we understand, is reserved for a certain well-known strokesman. It is rumored that the engagement between the two is not being denied, and in the best Winchell way we say, "Orchids to you both!"



Each year THE OWL CLUB has awarded a medal to the student with the highest averages in studies. There is no longer an OWL CLUB in existence and the school itself is not in a position to offer an honor award. To encourage good fellowship and school spirit THE OWL MAGAZINE continues to carry on the gesture originated by THE OWL CLUB.

The award is of no great financial value but it has made students more diligent than they would have been ordinarily. Trying to capture the prize created a higher standard of scholarship. It also brought something which cannot be evaluated Knowledge.

GEORGE MANN
Editor



MARIE RIESETT
Typist

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Assistant Circulation Manager

JAMES WHEAT
Special Staff Assistant



MOTHERS, WE APPRECIATE YOU!

BY GEORGE MANN



O you who have stepped into the "valley of death," so that we could be born we bow in sincere gratitude. From the first instant we became capable of noticing our surroundings, our eyes sought out the face which means so much to us. That face was your face. When our tongues loosened and we began sputtering and spattering, the first word which fell from our mouths was "Mommie." During our childhood our love for you was undying but . . . we have grown. Now we have brains. This brain makes us realize all the more the great debt we cannot ever hope to repay, this brain also makes us contemptible and we crush you many times with a cutting remark. Often we have slammed a door and rushed from the house. Not once did we stop to think that you were wondering to yourself if we were the children for whom you suffered and sacrificed so much. We did not know your eyes were glistening with tears and your heart crushed. But how quickly do we return to you when we are hurt. How eagerly we listen to your words when we find the world pitted against us. Over and over we resolve never to mistreat you again, but sometimes our wild impulses get the better of us and we forget all we have ever promised. Saying that we are sorry is putting it mildly. We realize you are not perpetual and after your departure into the Great Beyond how lonely will be our traveling. You are responsible for sunshine in a home. Without you home is just a house . . . a place in which to eat and sleep. Your deep understanding and consoling nature makes existence for mankind tolerable.

A kind word right from the heart is golden. With all kindness and sincerity, we say, to those mothers who have served their purpose, to those now performing their duty and to those yet to come . . . "God bless you!"



POETRY

H. ENGEL

TO THE GRADUATE

BY M. R. TIMMERMAN

You came—with hopes to guide ambition's tread,
With time to keep a pace, with years to fill,
And how you yearned to grasp each dangling thread
That leads to knowledge sought and found at will!

You stayed—and plodded weary wintry nights,
But through fatigue and hardships you were wise
To learn that grim determination blights
The threatening clouds that darken future skies.

You leave—perhaps to plan another goal,
To keep the one that lies within your hand
As just a sign of years that changed your soul—
A sign that you alone will understand.

O lessons learned from books and tongue and pen,
What parts you play in minds and lives of men!

"REMINISCING"

BY EDWIN L. SINNERS, *Class of '33*

Just a word from an old student,
Who was very pleased to spend.
Three nights a week for six long
years, at the school you now attend.

He recalls the old location,
Up on Howard Street,
Where he sought his education,
Though the school was not so neat.

Then the building of the new school,
Every classroom lighted bright.
Which proved to be a great advantage,
To those who learn by night.

Then the threatening to close this
School, because of the depression.
But the opposition was too great,
From this school of good impression.

And so this school has carried on
For more than a decade,
Let's hope she'll spread her knowledge
Far, and never let her glamour fade.

'TIL WE MEET AGAIN

BY M. R. TIMMERMAN

Another time has come to part,
And echoing through each hall
We hear the strains of gay farewell—
Until we meet next fall.

The American way is just to say
The simple, kind "Good-bye!"
'Tho it's not wrong to wave "So Long!"
For with pals it's the usual cry;

Hark! French is out, and all about
The class, "Adieu! Au Revoir!"
And now is heard a Spanish word,
"Adios! Adios, professor!"

All partings true, yet none so well
Can half express the strain
That plays the chord of City's heart
Than Deutsch "Aufwiedersehen!"



OWL REPRESENTATIVES

Following is a list of those students who have offered their services willingly so that THE OWL could carry on. Without their co-operation this magazine would have perished. THE OWL offers sincere thanks.

William Agee
Edward Bacewicy
Joseph J. Barnett
W. Scott Bateman, Jr.
Josephine Biddison
J. C. Boarman
Marjorie Boegner
Sue Brenner
S. Buckingham
F. Cedrone
E. Chance
Floyd Churn
Jerry B. Cohen
Jack Cooper
Blanche K. Davis
Herman Deitchman
Lewis A. Dewitt
I. Diven
Armin Drost
Charles R. Dunn
Marion L. East
L. S. Eichner
C. Frederick
I. Gale
Dolores Gilden

Thelma Goldman
Henry F. Goodman
N. F. Gorsuch
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Annette Hale
Clarence S. Harrington
Margaret Healy
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J. Edwin Hopkins
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Bettye Lampe
John H. C. Lassahn
Mary Peoples
E. W. Pugh
F. Ruckle
Sylvia Shecter
W. T. Shoemaker
J. P. Lightner
George O. Torney, Jr.
Joseph Urban
H. Wooldridge
Mary Worley
A. R. Zervity

WE WONDER???

If Bill Crombie's and Ed Wright's faces were red when they discovered the complexion of the two girls they tried to pick up one night on Broadway?

What Gilbert Striner would do without that incinerator he calls a pipe?

If you've noticed that our drinking fountains are kept quite clean now?

What pleasure was experienced by Dolores Doyle and a certain Agnes Tuttle by telling "white ones" to the best girl of a certain lad?

If Bettye Lampe was on her best behavior at THE OWL HOP?

What would happen if Helen were less inquisitive?

If a certain lad thinks he can captivate all the women just because he has a mutual friendship with Catherine?

How angry was the boy wearing a green felt hat because he failed to "crash" THE OWL HOP?

How the necking party felt when Pat Sweeney accidentally walked into it?

What Joseph Barnett would do without those big bow ties he wears?

If Armin Drost will ever be able to live down the nickname "Cream Puff?"

If Gilbert Striner will ever buy Harry Correa that Manhattan Cocktail?

If a certain group of OWL Staff members will want any more "Old Fashions" for a while?

If George Mann bought any cigarettes yet?

GLEANINGS

Keep your friends by kindness, conquer your foes by kindness, win all by goodness and courtesy.

The first principle of money making is money saving.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

Proverb.

Success does not depend upon external hope as on self reliance.

Lincoln

Blind impulses have made fools of many people.

Intoxication reveals what soberness conceals.

Politeness is cold formality; courtesy is warm hospitality.

Hell hath no fury like that of a spurned woman.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link.

All are willing to forgive but not so willing to forget.

Some of the gentlest men we know are terrors to their families.

Grim silence can hurt more than a cutting remark.

"Lord God of Host be with us yet,
Lest we forget—Lest we forget!"

Kipling

The oldest, the newest, the thing that is sweetest—Love.

Set backs are the sparks which stir our determination.

(Continued from Page 38)

"I mean are you going to be married?" he explained.

"Not that I know of," Jane answered. "Why?"

"I was just wondering if you would let me take you out sometime?" He seemed extremely ill at ease. Jane's heart went out to him.

"Surely, I'd love to. Where?"

"Oh, anywhere," he answered vaguely.

"All right," Jane agreed.

"Fine. I'll be tied up the rest of the week. Can I call you at home?"

"No, we have no phone; but you can call at the office. It's all right."

"I'll do that, then, the first of the week."

Jane went back to the office in a daze. Dickie wanted her to go out with him! She kept repeating it to herself all afternoon as if it were too good to be true.

Jane waited impatiently for Dick to call on Monday. He didn't. Tuesday went by. Wednesday. Thursday his voice came over the wire.

Jane's heart was beating so hard she could hear it. "Yes, Mr. Penton."

"I want to talk to you today; but right now let me have Mr. Turner, please."

With a little impatient gesture Jane called Mr. Turner to the phone.

Dickie called several times in the two weeks following, but never asked Jane the question she was longing to hear. He asked for Mr. Turner almost immediately. Jane was piqued. The boat was ready to be turned over to Dickie. That would be the end.

One of the boys came in the office one day just before the job was completed. "Say, Miss Winslow, Dickie wants you to go with him Friday on the first trip. Wants you to get a party together. He's too shy to ask you himself and asked me to find out what you think of the idea."

Jane wanted to say eagerly, "Tell him I'd love to go." Instead she controlled her impulses and said tersely, "Tell him he has a tongue in his head. If he wants me to go, he'll have to ask me himself."

In the two days that followed Dickie called seven times for no apparent reason. He would talk to Jane a few minutes, flounder around, and then ask for Mr. Turner. When Mr. Turner got on the wire he would ask him perfectly insane questions, some of them having absolutely no sense in them. She knew he was calling to ask about the boat trip, but she was too stubborn to help him out, so he floundered on. He never did get to the point where he asked her to go.

Dickie left Friday night with three or four men friends. There were no ladies on board. They cruised down the bay, and around nine o'clock anchored and went ashore at one of the little towns on the bay. A storm was coming up and they

didn't care to be out in it. Around midnight the wind was still blowing a gale and the hail and rain were coming down in torrents. It was a terrible night. Dickie and his party stayed at the hotel. The storm had not lessened any the next morning, but they went down to the shore to see if the yacht was all right. A straight stretch of stormy water met their eyes. The boat was not in view. They looked at each other in consternation. Surely they had anchored the boat right there. They searched all the little coves around the beach. The yacht was not there. Finally they reached the conclusion that the wind had blown it out into the bay. Sick at heart, Dickie notified the Coast Guard. Sunday passed—no news. They returned to the city Sunday night.

Monday morning was clear and bright. No sign of the recent storm showed in the sky. Jane felt particularly light hearted. She just felt that something was about to happen. It did, but not in the way she expected.

At ten o'clock the phone rang. Jane picked up the receiver and in her sweetest voice repeated the firm name.

"Miss Winslow, this is Richard Penton."

"Yes, Mr. Penton."

"Is Mr. Turner there?"

"No, he hasn't come in yet. Anything I can do?"

"I've got some bad news." Dickie was almost crying. Jane was terrified.

"What is it, Mr. Penton? Please tell me."

"I—I lost the boat in the storm, Miss Winslow."

Jane was dumbfounded. "What-t! Tell me about it, quick."

He told her brokenly. "Oh, Mr. Penton, I'm so sorry. I can't tell you how sorry I am." Jane was almost incoherent in her sympathy.

The week went by with no news. Dickie called every day. Mr. Turner had enlisted the help of a number of his friends along the bay and neighboring rivers, creeks and shores. Still there was no news. Jane left on her vacation on Friday. She hated to go. She wanted to stay and get the first news. A boat had been found, sunk in thirty-five feet of water, which they believed to be the "Water Witch." Dickie and his brother had gone to make sure. Jane wanted to be there when they came back, but there was no help for it. Her sister expected her. It would be ridiculous to give up her vacation for a man who cared nothing for her. So Jane went to Virginia. She danced and flirted away one week and had a glorious time. Through it all though she was thinking about Dickie and the "Water Witch." Was the boat they had found the "Water Witch?" Was it badly damaged. Jane could stand it no longer, and in desperation dropped a card to Dickie and asked him to let her know. But he didn't. Jane forfeited the rest of her vacation and went home. Her sister told her she was a fool.

"I know it," she said bitterly. "But I can't help it. I've got to know."

"Why don't you write Mr. Turner then? He'll surely know."

"No," said Jane, stubbornly. "I don't want him to know I'm that much interested. I'm going home."

"Silly, he'll think it's funny you're coming back so soon."

Jane had no answer for that. But she went anyway. When she walked in the office Monday morning, Mr. Turner almost fell on her neck.

"I never was so glad to see anybody in my life. Carter left and I didn't know where to reach you." Carter was the bookkeeper. Mr. Turner was so overjoyed to see her he forgot to ask what had caused her to change her plans.

The phone rang. Jane reached for it eagerly.

"Miss Winslow! When did you get back? Did you have a good time? Aren't you back early? We didn't expect you yet. Sorry I didn't get a chance to write. Everything is Okay. It was the 'Water Witch.' Don't seem to be badly damaged. We've raised her and pulled her ashore at Love Point."

"I'm so glad, Mr. Penton. Want to talk to Mr. Turner? Just a minute."

Jane was glad the boat had sunk. She hated herself for it. She was utterly ashamed of herself. But the thought persisted just the same. It gave her a chance to see more of Richard Penton. Naturally the engine would need attention after being under water so long. Airplane engines weren't built for that.

Jane had some friends at her home several weeks later and asked Dickie. To her surprise and delight he came. She had expected him to refuse. He made himself utterly charming. Jane played thirty-two hands of Bridge and wasn't even sleepy. They had a lovely time and Dickie accepted an invitation from the other couple to play at their home in the near future. Jane was overjoyed. It was very late when they left. Dickie took the other two in his car. As Jane tucked her now short hair into a cap to keep the wave in, she wondered wistfully when the "next time" would be.

In spite of the late hours the night before, Jane awoke early. Refreshed and happy she left for the office. Two men, who were sitting behind her in the street car, were talking excitedly about an accident that had happened the night before. Idly, Jane listened. She really could not help hearing because they were speaking loudly, and most of it was plainly audible above the noise of the car. She caught snatches of the conversation. "Two o'clock this morning—coming home from party. Run into a telegraph pole to keep from hitting a dog. Paper says he's going to die. Darned shame, too. Dick Penton is the best lawyer in the city."

Jane heard no more. "Dickie!" They were talking about Dickie! He was hurt! Dying! Where! Dickie dying! Dickie dying!" The words hammered themselves through Jane's mind. The car wheels seemed to shriek them. "Dickie's dying. Dickie's dying."

"No, no, not Dickie. Oh, dear Lord, not Dickie." Jane was not aware that she spoke the words aloud. "No, no," she kept repeating, "it must be someone else. It can't be Dickie." But a newsboy coming through the car was crying, "Read all about it. Prominent lawyer hurt in auto crash. Read all about it." Jane found two cents with difficulty and bought a paper. Having bought it, she was afraid to look at it. It couldn't be Dickie; not her Dickie. Desperately she glanced at the paper. It *was* Dickie? His picture occupied a prominent place and under it were the words. "Richard Penton, prominent lawyer, who is believed near death at ——— Hospital, following an auto crash early this morning." The paper went into detail, but Jane couldn't see the words. Everything went black before her eyes. She seemed to be going round and round. Dimly she heard someone say, "Look out. Catch her."

The car was passing a hospital, so they took Jane in there. She opened her eyes finally and looked into the sweet face of the head nurse.

"Where am I?" she asked. Then she remembered. "Dickie," she cried; "Dickie," and fainted again. It took the doctor and the nurse a long time to bring her to. The doctor had pointed to the picture of Richard Penton in the paper that was clutched tightly in Jane's hand. The nurse nodded understanding and shook her head sorrowfully. "Poor thing," she crooned, "poor little girl. She will get a worse shock yet. Can we keep it from her?" Jane struggled to consciousness in time to hear the last words.

"Keep what from me?" she demanded. Then seeing the look on the nurse's face, she said, "Dickie, he's head. That's what you want to keep from me, isn't it? Is Richard Penton in this hospital?"

"Yes," said the nurse. "Richard Penton is here. He is not dead, but he is very ill: both legs broken and concussion of the brain."

"Take me to him at once," demanded Jane.

The nurse shook her head. "He is too ill to see anyone. Do you know him well?" she asked sympathetically.

A cunning plan was developing in Jane's head. She must see Dickie. She would face the consequences afterward.

"I am Mrs. Penton," she said quietly. "Will you take me to my husband, please?"

Surprised into action, the nurse led the way down the long corridor. "I thought Mr. Penton was a bachelor," she said finally.

(Continued on Page 53)



J O K E S

"I don't know what to do with that son of mine. He's been at college two years and still keeps at the foot of the class."

"Why not make a chiropodist of him?"



"Are you the man who gave my brother a dog last week?"

"I am."

"Well, mother says to come and take them all back."

"This is the skull of a man who was shipwrecked for two years on a desert island with two chorus girls."

"How did he die?"

"He wore himself out tearing down the signals they put up."

HOSTESS (Gushingly)—"You know, I've heard a great deal about you."

PROMINENT POLITICIAN (Absently)—
"Possibly, but you can't prove anything."

"My daddy's a bookkeeper," said little Bertie proudly.

"I know it," replied his little playmate.
"He has several of my daddy's books."

"You have only two or three buildings in this new town of yours."

"I know," responded the enthusiastic realtor, "but look at the parking space."

LANDLORD (To prospective tenant)—
"You know we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?"

"No."

"A piano, radio, or victrola?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instrument? Do you have a dog, cat or parrot?"

"No, but my fountain pen scratches a little sometimes."

The girl friend collects antiques, and recently she acquired a horse-hair chair, whereupon she discovered immediately why grandmother wore six petticoats.

A fellow has to be a contortionist to get by these days. First of all, he's got to keep his back to the wall and his ear to the ground. He's expected to put his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, keep a level head, and both feet on the ground. And, at the same time, look for the silver lining with his head in the clouds.

JOKES—Continued

"Do you wish the court to understand that you refuse to renew your dog license?"

"Yes, your honor, but—"

"We want no 'buts.' The license has expired."

"Yes, and so has the dog."

"Why do you look so sorrowful, Murphy?"

"I just heard a man call another a liar, and the man who was called a liar said the other would have to apologize, or there would be a fight."

"And why should that make you so sad?"

"The other man apologized."

HIGH MUCKY-MUCK—"Let's get our wives together tonight and have a big evening."

BROTHER MUCKY-MUCK—"O. K., but where shall we leave them?"



"And now," said the teacher, "can anyone give me a sentence using the word 'candor'?"

"Please, ma'am," said the bright little boy in the front seat, "my papa had a pretty stenographer but my mamma saw her and so my pop candor."

BOSS (Suspiciously)—"Isn't it rather odd that your grandmother is being buried on the day of the big football match?"

PORTER—"Oh, no sir. She wasn't going to it in any case."



DOCTOR—"You must avoid all forms of excitement."

FEMALE PATIENT—"But, Doctor, can't I even look at them on the street?"

A chorus girl, deliciously pretty but decidedly low-brow, somehow found herself at a very select party given by a famous society woman.

The girl, lonely and uncomfortable as a fish out of water, was leaning against the wall, framed against the dark oak, when the hostess took pity on her.

"My dear," she said, kindly, "you look just like an old Rembrandt."

"Well," retorted the damsel, sharply, "you don't look too darned snappy yourself."

(Continued from Page 50)

Jane gulped. "We were married last night. We intended to keep it secret for awhile. He took me home and was going home when the accident occurred. I just learned of it this morning."

The nurse seemed satisfied with the explanation. Jane followed her into the little white room. Two people were already there, sitting beside the bed. Jane knew they must be Dickie's parents. The nurse led Jane over to Mrs. Penton. "This is Mr. Penton's wife. They were just married last night." The old lady started in surprise; then seeing Jane's stricken face, she held out her arms. Jane, however, did not notice. Her eyes were on the silent, motionless figure on the bed. With a little cry she dropped to her knees and buried her face in the bed-clothes.

"Dickie, Dickie." Her breath came in little broken gasps. "Dickie, dear, do you hear me? It's Jane, darling. I love you. Jane loves you. Look at me." Her voice rose. "Dickie, don't leave me. I love you so! Don't leave me."

Unwillingly, Richard Penton opened his eyes. He didn't want to. He wished drowsily that they would let him alone. He felt queer all over. He tried to move it in the direction of the crooning voice. With a great effort he succeeded and saw Jane. Jove, it was Miss Winslow. Wonder how she got there. He looked again. There were Mother and Dad. How did *they* get there. Where was he anyway?

"Hello," he said weakly. "What's all the rumpus about?"

The nurse hurried forward. "Feeling better. Fine. Your little wife here, and your mother and father have been worried."

The doctor came in at that moment. "Hullo," he rumbled cheerfully. "Woke up, eh. That's the trick. Had us all worried about that. You'll be all right now. Nothing worse than a couple of broken legs. Nice little wife you have here." After a few more minutes and a brief examination, he went out, taking the nurse with him.

Dick Penton's mind was in a chaos. Wife? He hadn't any wife. Nobody was here but Miss Winslow. He couldn't understand how she got here though. Then, looking at Jane's tear-stained face, he understood. She loved him. Why she had told them she was his wife he couldn't understand, but he decided to let her explain.

Mrs. Penton gathered Jane into her arms. Mr. Penton went to his son.

"Sly devil," he laughed fondly. "Why didn't you tell your old Dad you were going to be married. Put one over on us."

Jane hid her face on Mother Penton's shoulder while she waited—trembling. What *would* Dickie say. He would hate her. It was all over now.

Dick seemed to know what she was thinking. He laughed. "Didn't know it myself until last night, Dad. I was coming home from Jane's when I hugged that pole. Jane, come here and kiss your husband."

Jane was pushed gently forward. Why had Dickie taken her side? Why hadn't he exposed her? She reached the side of the bed and hesitated. Two arms that were not broken pulled her down until her face was within an inch of Dickie's. With a look on his face that Jane had never seen before, he caught her savagely to him and kissed her fiercely, a kiss that burned into Jane's soul. She wished she could die right there. Abruptly, Dick let her go.

"Mother—Dad," he said, "would you mind going outside for few minutes. I have something to say to Jane."

When they were alone Dick turned to Jane. "What did you mean by telling them you were married to me? Why did you do it?"

Jane hung her head in misery. This was, indeed, the end. Why, oh why, had she told them that? Wouldn't it have been better to lose Dick by death than in this way? Power of speech seemed to be taken from her.

"Well," said Dick Penton, "I'm waiting for you to answer me."

Jane found her voice. "It was the only way I could think of to make them let me see you."

Dick's voice was more gentle as he asked, "But why did you have to see me?"

"Because you were hurt going from my home. It was natural that I should want to see you. They said you were going to die and I couldn't bear it." Jane was sobbing now. "I couldn't bear not seeing you again ever."

"Why?"

"Because I—I love you." Jane buried her face in her hands and sobbed terribly—sobs that tore at Richard's heart.

"Jane—Jane, dear. Please come here."

Slowly Jane went over to Dick. He caught her savagely again and again kissed her. Releasing her, he said, "Jane—I had to do it. Don't you see. I love you, too. I'm a dub. I can't tell you right; but you will marry me, won't you, dearest?"

Jane's answer was indistinct because Dickie was kissing her again. So you will just have to guess what it was.

THE END

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